

Some Nights by Nerdsmcgee

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Twins, Angst with a Happy Ending, F/M, Gen, Growing Up, M/M, Multi, Other, Other Additional Tags to Be Added

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Richie Tozier & Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-07-17

Updated: 2018-07-17

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:13:47

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 723

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Just some lil drabble of character in stranger things n It. Enjoy.

Some Nights

Author's Note:

Richie and Mike get to see each other after another year apart. They get drunk and talk.

It was cool and summer was just vacating Maine, taking its warm nights with it.

Richie's bedroom window was wide open, letting chilly fall air brush past the curtains and ruffle the boys' disheveled doos. The pair of look-a-likes sat shoulder to shoulder, ribbing each other and cackling the night away. The smell of alcohol and pizza clung to their breaths, but neither one seemed bothered by it. It was familiar- an annual tradition where not even the stinky funk of each other's breath can ruin their good time.

A gut wrenching belch was ripped from Richie's soul, and he grinned before turning to his brother- "Ow, no, uh no, no, no, no. No touching the fro." He said after shoving Mike slightly away, ribbing him for pulling his fringe.

"Dude, you need a hair cut- you looks like a girl." Mike took a generous swallow from his Bud Light.

Richie leaned closer and batted his eye lashes behind his ridiculously thick bottle lenses, "A pretty girl, I'm sure."

Mike snorted and shoved Richie's face away, "You wish."

Richie heaved a sigh and fell limp into Mike's lap, "Weeell, a girl can only dream." He sat still for a minute- they both did.

"We'll be graduating next year." Mike said suddenly.

A sour taste made Richie frown and curl his lip, "We gotta talk about this now?"

"Yes, Richie, we do. If we don't now, then we never will."

Mike shifted so he leaned his head on the pillow under him and so Richie's head was pillowed by his stomach. The pair stared at the ceiling in heavy silence, the street lamp outside casting stripes of gold light across their forms.

"Maybe we shouldn't. Maybe we can- can say *fuck it* and do like we said- we'll pack a bag and head for Canada-"

"I got a scholarship, Richie. A full ride to any college I want. I... I can't pass that up."

"Oh..." The beer suddenly left a bitter, sour, fiery taste in his mouth. It explains the burning in his eyes, "C-congrats, bro. I'm proud of you." He meant it- honest and truly, but it didn't sound like it in the slightest.

"I'm not sure... look, we grew up, Rich... it's not like we actually *meant* any if what we said-"

Richie abruptly sat up and faced away from his twin, scooting further until he was out of the light of the streetlamp.

"I meant it. I always did. Every last *Goddamn* word."

Mike looked over wide eyed sat up, "Rich-"

"No, Mike. It- this," Richie gestured blindly to the space between them, "was *everything to me*. I can't tell you how many hours I spent staring at the damn clock, counting down the hours, waiting for the day we're together again." He sniffed loudly and sounded like he was choking slightly.

Mike felt his gut drop and his eyes water. He knew the feeling, somewhat. When they were younger, he had his mom make a countdown calendar that told him their next visit to see Richie. He grew out of it. But it seemed Richie didn't.

It made sense though. He didn't have the best... life.

"Richie... I didn't know you felt-"

"Of course you didn't. We only see each other twice a year- fuck, you

stopped calling me regularly when we were like, what, twelve-

"Fourteen."

"Great. Fucking great." Richie's figure hunched over until he was just a ball in the darkness in which Mile had to squint to see.

"I'm sorry, Richie. I should have... realized how much 'us' meant to you."

"You make it sound like I'm some clingy girlfriend."

Mike scrunched up his nose, "I just mean... I miss you too. All the fucking time. I'm just... I dunno. I don't think I realized how much I miss 'us' too. I get so wrapped up in school and the growing up thing, I forget myself and inturn, you too. I'm... *sorry*, Richie."

Silence was suffocating for the both of them. Mike was prepared to drag Richie over when the boy rolled until he was in Mike's lap and then slowly sat up.

"Just... don't ever *outgrow me*, okay? Richie said, tears tracks glistening in the slanted light.

Mike nodded and wrapped his brother in a rib breaking hug, "I don't think that's actually possible. But yeah, I promise."